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IN CONCLUSION.

Friends of this Society frequently ask, "What can we do now?" "What does the American Peace Society ask of us now?" Our answer simply is: Continue with all diligence the faith that has been ours; organize where possible groups for the study of international questions; keep your Senators, Congressmen, Clergymen, Schoolmen, Newspapers reminded of the international goal of all patriotic and right-minded men; contribute by letter or special articles to the *ADVOCATE OF PEACE* and do all you can to increase its circulation; think, talk, and act the principles of international peace, through justice.

Signed for the Board of Directors,

JAMES L. SLAYDEN, *President*.ARTHUR DEERIN CALL, *Secretary*.

POISONS OF WAR

By the Editor

THE INVITATION

I HAVE seen them, and they are beyond words to describe or pictures to portray. I do not refer to the mashed piles of brick and stone marking what were the towns and villages to the north of Meaux, Chateau Thierry, Nancy, where American brave eagerness swept over the areas already consecrated by French and other dead. Those broken hamlets and cities are sad enough, sepulchral cairns where lie buried the accumulated hopes of countless men and women and little children. Witnesses they are to a superb human bravery, and also to a colossal spiritual breakdown of what we call civilization. But traveling from one to another of them by automobile becomes monotonous, tiresome after a while. Silent and dirty and mused like city dumps, there is a great similarity about them. I recall the first one I saw, Juvigny, slightly to the north of Soissons—an abandoned ruined quarry filled with a lava of brick, it seemed to me. That was all. Not a cat left among the ruins there, not a tree, not a spear of grass. Multiply that by many hundreds, and one gets a part of the picture stretching on to the East beyond Fismes, and Rheims, and across the Argonne Woods. The farms as well, groups of buildings that once were beautiful, destroyed utterly, rarely any life left. The wealthiest part of France is a ruin, metals, cattle, tools, seed, wool, homes, gone. Woods there are and roads, now and then a family, here and there a farmer back and digging in the ground. In one little village, it was the 27th of December and very cold, we found in her shattered house one poor woman very ill, who pathetically hoped that one of our party might be a physician. While standing there every man wishing he were a doctor and wondering what he should do, we saw coming in the distance down the long straight tree-lined road a camion. We waited. It came on toward us. We hailed it. As in answer to prayer there were a group of American Red Cross nurses aboard and two physicians, all on their way to an adjoining town where they were planning to distribute Christmas gifts to some children that were there. Yes, there is healing along those French roads, and down those ruined streets, a little of it.

But there is one trouble for the observer wandering over one of these broken towns where no "quiet-colored end of evening smiles," where no sheep

"Half asleep

Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop;"

the trouble is that he does not know who destroyed the place. It might have been the Germans, it might have been the French, it might have been the Americans. As one American army officer explained it to me, "if the enemy is in a town and it is impossible to flank him, it is often necessary to destroy the town." The poisons of war have done their work there, over that wildly contested waste. But I was looking for something else.

So being invited to spend some days in Longwy, in the very eastern part of France, from the hills of which one looks over into Belgium and Luxemburg, I accepted

with pleasure, for thus I would be able to see with my own eyes the effects of another kind of poison, the poison not only of German invasion, but of military occupation. If there be destruction there, being beyond the oft contested area, it would be German destruction, for the Germans attacked Longwy and neighboring towns August 21, 1914, and occupied the territory for fifty-one months. Surely that offered to my inquiring mind an opportunity out of the ordinary.

It was at the home of a professor in the University of Paris that I first met my junior host. I learned to know him in his temporary home in Neuilly. I was with him later for a number of days in the chateau home of his father and mother, my senior hosts, at Longwy. The importance of this lies in the fact that this father and son are directors of the steel plants of Longwy, said to be the largest steel works of France at the outbreak of the war, and in the further fact that it was with their assistance that I was able to talk with men and women who had lived through four years with the Germans, and to get the facts relative to the destructions of the conflict in the canton of Longwy, to witness at first hand the unalloyed effects of a different poison of war. That invitation led to one of the most valuable experiences of all my five months in France.

DEFYING THE UNITED STATES ARMY

Before entering upon the story, I must pay my respects to the United States Army. Outside its own special field, it is, I believe, the most inefficient of organizations. It considered it of importance that the American correspondents in Paris should see as much as possible of the devastated areas over which operated American troops. It therefore organized in Paris a Visitors' and a Press Bureau and furnished automobiles for the correspondents, and army officers for guides. This was a real benefit to the writing men, and it was taken advantage of extensively. To have placed at one's disposal without cost an automobile, an efficient driver and army officers for guides, made it possible for us to see what we otherwise could not have seen. The army made this enterprise a part of its scheme of things. And for the most part it was a success because it became subordinated to formula. But I wanted to go to Longwy, and Longwy was outside the army scheme of things. Ordinarily it is six hours from Paris by rail, but the railroads in that direction were gone. To get to the place, therefore, it was necessary for me to go by way of Chateau Thierry, Chalons, Nancy, Metz, and Luxemburg. A large part of the journey was through the American war zone. I did not wish an automobile, or a driver, or a guide. But since there are many "M. P.'s" throughout the American war zone, there was one thing I did wish, the only thing I desired of the army—that was a "pass." The army headquarters at Paris took this momentous request seriously. They considered it for three days, during which time the whole American military machine evidently passed upon the matter by telegraph, by telephone and by numerous conferences of generals and lesser lights. The request was granted, reconsidered and denied. It was a trying three days' waiting, waiting for the army to decide, watching one after another great military chief pass the mighty

problem along for other heavy brows to beat upon. I went without a pass. February 4, I bought a ticket for Luxemburg, where I arrived Wednesday, the next day.

There were interesting things along the way. At Nancy I first saw German cars bearing the crown and eagle of the Hohenzollern empire, used by the French seemingly as a matter of course. Nancy has suffered from bombardment, and all the way from there almost to Metz there were many signs of war's desolation. But Metz and to the north was clean and free of wounds. Luxemburg seemed a different world, simple, beautiful, and inconsequential. To reach Longwy it was necessary to motor from Luxemburg some 20 miles. This we did.

Among the friends to meet me at Luxemburg was a cousin of my junior host, a young French lieutenant, and a member of the staff of Marshal Foch. This lieutenant possessed impressive credentials from the great Marshal. All direful possibilities of any demand upon credentials from me were, therefore, happily removed by the presence of the young lieutenant. He proved not only a most agreeable companion, he came in handy. Thus I successfully defied the United States Army.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

The canton of Longwy is at the apex of an upstanding triangle, the base of which extends from Verdun to Metz. The outstanding places associated in my mind with the canton of Longwy are, first, the *Ville de Longwy*, divided into two parts, the first known as *Longwy Haute*, the fortified part, and unfortified *Longwy Basse*; second, on an adjoining hill, the *Commune de Mont-Saint-Martin et Piedmont*, where is the beautiful chateau of my host; and three other communes within a radius of a few miles, *Commune de Villers-la-Montagne*, *Commune de Chénières*, and *Commune de Romain*.

The upper town of Longwy fortified by Vauban under Louis XIV, had a population before the war of 2,500 inhabitants. It was entirely destroyed by the German bombardment, lasting from August 21 to August 26, 1914. One of the heroic chapters of the war was written there thus early by that handful of soldiers who withstood behind those ancient double walls and double moats for five long days the terrific bombardment of overwhelming forces. The inhabitants took refuge in the neighboring communes and in the interior of France, and only four or five civilians were killed in this place. But the percentage of losses among the defending soldiers was very great. About three hundred of the houses there were utterly destroyed. But Longwy is in the habit of heroic defense, having been besieged in 1794, in 1815, in 1871.

In the lower town, wholly unfortified, there was a population before the war of 4,700, which, because of the refugees from the fortified town, has a present population of about 6,800. Notwithstanding the fact that the town was unfortified, between twenty-five and thirty houses were utterly destroyed and nineteen civilians killed during the onslaught upon the upper town.

The *Commune de Mont-Saint-Martin et Piedmont* had a population before the war of 5,066, which because of the war has decreased about 2,000. This place was

not fortified, yet 76 houses were wilfully burned by the Germans during the 21st and 22d of August. It is a fact that the Germans entered these towns prepared to burn. Special highly inflammable chemically constructed missiles capable of insertion in the muzzles of rifles had been prepared. Shot into the defenseless houses, their destruction was complete. Seventeen civilians, some of which cases I must tell about, were savagely shot in *Mont-Saint-Martin* during those two days without any provocation and without any motive. The troops guilty of these crimes belonged to the 121st and 122d regiments of the Wurtemberg Infantry and to the 20th regiment of the German "Pionniers." Discovering these facts, I was beginning to see the bitterest effects of the poison of war.

THE CHATEAU

My senior host is the Lord of the Manor indeed. The beautiful chateau in which he lives, there among the trees and amid the hills, with its farm surrounded by its great wall, its great rooms and balustrades, its architectural artistry and fine vistas of landscape, it is by all means the most beautiful thing in all that region. So beautiful it is that the Germans spared it for the use of their General Staff which used it for its headquarters throughout all the years of the occupation. Throughout the siege which began at four a. m., August 21, 1914, and lasted until the 26th at noon, the General Staff was there discreetly occupying, I was told, the safest portion of the premises. During the period of war about 400 German officers including the Crown Prince were pleased at different times to occupy the place. While the battle was on, the halls were used as a hospital for wounded Germans. Through the four years they utilized the property to the full, the servants, the laundries, a thousand bottles of wine. Whether the hens laid or not, my senior host, who with his wife lived there with the German officers throughout the entire period, was compelled to furnish the Germans three eggs for every hen each week during the summer and one egg for each hen during the autumn. If the eggs were not forthcoming, the host was obliged to substitute for each egg due under the system the sum of three francs. The Germans "requisitioned" the hay, straw, harness, wagons, and three automobiles; cultivated the land, appropriated the products, demanded half the vegetables produced in the garden, all the fruit, and even the grass of the roads. They took for themselves all the cows, and all the milk, leaving none for the children. They cut down innumerable valuable trees and destroyed beautiful forests forever. Much of this material they took without giving so much as a receipt. During the battle my host's chauffeur was obliged to render services to the Germans at great risk to his own life. About a year later it was discovered that the same chauffeur had hidden an automobile tire thinking that it might be of service some day to his master. As a result he was arrested, imprisoned for nine months at hard labor; and his master, in no sense a partner to the proceeding, was imprisoned for four days and fined 300 marks. When the French flyers were alleged to have dropped bombs in the vicinity of the railroad near by, this same host was put in prison as a guarantee for the security of the railroads, and held

there for seven weeks. Later, one of the engineers of the factory hid 150,000 kilos of metal. When discovered, he assumed the whole responsibility in spite of offers of bribes by the Germans to implicate his master. He was sentenced to six months at hard labor in Germany. The master was summoned and fined 40,000 marks, and the metal was confiscated. When the Germans found that events were turning against them they withdrew from the chateau, with tears in their eyes, bidding farewell to the servants. Expressing their deep appreciation of the hospitality they had enjoyed, they proceeded to steal all the wool from the mattresses, the iron, the bronze, the nickel, the lead, all the metals including the copper wire, all the leather and the rubber, which they were able to find. I slept in the room formerly occupied by the great German general, and can testify to the destruction of the mattresses.

I asked my senior host why it was, when he heard the Germans were coming during those fateful August days, that he did not escape to a place of safety. His reply was that he was already in a place of safety, he and his wife being at Vichy taking the waters. Upon receiving the news of the German advance, he and his wife both went directly to Longwy. When asked why he did that, his simple reply was "We could not leave our people here alone." So there they were throughout the frightful siege watching from their windows the destruction of the houses down the streets below them, some burned, some blown up. During the holocaust, my host turned to his wife and said "Would you not like to go to the cellar?" "Oh no," she said, "it is too dark down there." She still insists that she felt no fear at the screaming shells over the chateau or at the destruction going on before her very eyes. Bacon should have known that children are not the only people who "fear to go in the dark." But the theme of this chateau is a story of its own and I must hasten on.

POISONS AT THEIR WORST

I have before me two authentic copies of two proclamations furnished to me by the Mayor of Mont-Saint-Martin, the one under date August 10, 1914, is by the Mayor himself; the other under date of August 23, is signed by Bellardi, the German commander.

Realizing the seriousness of the situation facing his town, the mayor addressed the citizens cautioning them to restrain themselves. He said: "I urge you without exception to observe towards the approaching troops a correct attitude and to abstain from all unlawful manifestation, from any hostile acts of any kind whatsoever. You have absolutely nothing to fear as long as you furnish to the German troops no occasion for reprisals. * * * I have confidence in the inhabitants of Mont-Saint-Martin and I count upon the wisdom of all."

In spite of this proclamation by the mayor, which I am convinced was substantially observed by the entire population, the German commander held the school director and the mayor as hostages and issued the following proclamation:

"It has happened that the inhabitants of this village have fired upon German soldiers. I declare that in every case where they fire upon us I shall take reprisals. I shall shoot the hostages, I shall burn the houses, I shall

deport the women and children. I forbid all communication between villages. It is forbidden to go out in the street of the village other than alone. In going about the place each person shall remain by himself. No one shall remain in the streets between 7 o'clock of the evening and 6 o'clock in the morning. I order that the commune shall illumine all streets between 7 and 6 o'clock. All communication with the Fortress of Longwy is absolutely forbidden."

But the poison was already working. I have the signed statement of the Mayor of Mont-Saint-Martin that on the 22d of August, at half past two in the afternoon he saw from the window of his house a neighbor, who, taking fright at the approach of six German soldiers, of whom two were under-officers, started to run; but he was overtaken, thrown to the ground and killed by stabs from a bayonet.

I have his signed statement also that Marguerite Schneider, ten years of age, was killed the same day by a German bullet fired through the window as she was in the act of going to her mother who was in the kitchen.

Marie Pregnon, sixty-eight years of age, was shot to death by the Germans and burned in the ruins of her own home.

Celestin Reser was found by the Germans hiding in his cellar. They demanded of him the directions for reaching the Fortress of Longwy. They then shot him and burned his body in his house.

Alfred Shotel, eighteen years of age, was dragged from his bed, taken to the street with scarcely any clothes and marched before the German troops toward Longwy. Observing a group of school children, Shotel attempted to hide himself in a garden, where he was shot by the Germans.

I have other authenticated cases of similar atrocities but I shall mention only five, each of which I personally investigated.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 21st of August, Melina Fortin (née Weyrick) sleeping in the same room with her husband and two babies, was awakened by someone pounding on her door. Unlocking the door, she opened it to see standing before her two German soldiers. Dropping the key upon the floor, she stooped to pick it up when she was stabbed viciously under the arm, with a bayonet, in consequence of which she was taken to the hospital, where she hovered between life and death for a number of months. I saw the written statement of the hospital authorities verifying this case. At the time of my conversation with this little mother she was still in a highly nervous condition.

Zenon Vignot, on the morning of August 21, attracted by the noise of the street, went to the window, where he was killed by a shower of bullets. The Germans afterward entered the building, went to his room and fired a number of balls into his body and pierced him many times with bayonets. The marks of the bullets around the room are still plainly to be seen.

In this same house I interviewed a woman named Chartier who on that same day was torn from her baby and carried off as a prisoner of war for I forget how long. I also interviewed her two sons who had been prisoners of war for many months.

Francois Surback, the same morning, was hiding in his cellar with his family. He was dragged from the place by the Germans, placed at the head of the German troops and told to lead the way toward the Fortress at Longwy. After going about 200 meters from the house, he was shot and his body thrown into the ditch. For some unknown reason the body disappeared before the wife could reach it and it has never been recovered. I talked with the wife and little children and have the mayor's statement verifying this story.

But the saddest case which I personally investigated was the case of the Kribbs family. This family consisted of Nicholas Kribbs; Elizabeth, his wife; Henry Kribbs, a boy, and a baby named Fizaine. They were in their home the morning of the arrival of the German troops. Obtaining hay from a neighbor next door, the Germans proceeded to set fire to this home. The unhappy inmates attempting to escape were shot upon their own threshold, save Henry, who succeeded in reaching the garden beyond the house, although in a wounded condition. He was overtaken and savagely beaten so that he died shortly after in the hospital. The bodies of the parents and of the baby were incinerated in their burning home.

There are 140 homeless families in the territory of Mont-Saint-Martin alone. Homeless not because their houses were ruined by shell fire, but for the most part because they were wilfully burned.

I tried to ascertain the effects of all this upon the children. I gathered that they have not suffered physically so much as might be expected. The reason for this seems to be that the parents have denied themselves, often near to the point of starvation, that their children might live. There has been more suffering among the older children, many of whom have died of tuberculosis, the young girls proving especially susceptible to this disease. Naturally the processes of education have been interfered with. Where fathers, elder brothers and teachers have been off to the war this was inevitable. In consequence many of the children have become lazy, indifferent, disobedient, and are going the ways of petty thieves. Such schools as have been maintained through the period of occupation have been directed by German teachers, many of them women of doubtful morality; some at Mont-Saint-Martin and in the nearby village of Gourancourt were prostitutes. The children were obliged to learn the German language. I heard stories of little children being cruelly whipped for turning their eyes in the wrong direction and then whipped again because they dared to cry. The results have been that many of the children have been taught to flatter, to lie and to be tale bearers.

I was told that privations have undermined the health of the people, that many cases of cancer have ended in death. The people are nervous, still frightened, and naturally they have lost much of their strength and energy. Relatively there have been many cases of insanity, notably among the women. Due to the lack of materials, the ordinary courses of charity have been greatly impeded. The medical service, including the hospital, I mean in Mont-Saint-Martin, has suffered less. The nuns were permitted to visit the sick. Yet I was told that the Germans did their best to upset the

work of charity, that they often took from the poor what had been given to them. To feed prisoners was a crime punished by deportation. To give food or fuel to the poor was punished by fine and confiscation of the goods.

"What has been the effect of all this upon the morals of men and women?" I asked. The reply was: "It is a very difficult question as no absolute answer can be given. The effect seems to have been to accentuate the good and the evil. In the majority of cases the good became better, the bad worse, and those who were indifferent became good and bad, but mostly bad. Being starved, the population stole; being crushed, it became bitter and in some cases disloyal; in many cases the men left without regular employment became lazy; the women, unhappy, lonely, tempted by utter poverty, sinned, sometimes out of their despair and discouragement. Of course there are many men and women whose behavior has been perfect, who have worked and suffered with dignity and showed a real greatness; but for many, four and a half years of suffering proved too much and they went back to a less civilized conception of life."

On the 21st of August, the Curé of Cutry, Monsieur l'Abbé Robert, was dragged by force from his presbytery, carried by the Germans to Viller-la-Montagne and shot without any motive. It was at Villers-la-Montagne on this same day that all of the population, men, women, children, the sick and infirm, were assembled in a beet-root field just outside the village, for the purpose, I was told, of drawing upon them the fire of the unsuspecting French soldiers, many of them relatives of the prospective victims, in the fortified town of Longwy some miles away. The plan was to direct the fire away from the German soldiers in the village. For reasons not necessary to state, the plan failed.

HOSTAGES

I had heard of 1,000 French men and 400 French women deported by the Germans as hostages from this stricken section. Crossing the ancient drawbridge one day on my way into the ruins of the old fortified town of Longwy, we met coming from the place Miss Andrée Frilley, daughter of the Mayor of Longville. My friends knowing her well, explained to her the object of my visit, and to me that Miss Frilley was one of the 400 women taken by the Germans. At my request this young woman has kindly submitted the following self-explanatory data:

"By order of General Ludendorf, four hundred ladies belonging to the best families of the invaded countries were taken to Holzminden as hostages under the pretext that the French Government kept in France some Alsaciens-Lorrains against their wishes. These ladies were not treated as hostages but as common-law prisoners as shown by the following extracts from my diary.

January.

10. I am told at eleven that I must be ready to start the following day at seven in the morning with the other hostages.

11. Departure at seven under military escort. It is cold and it snows. We pass through the Kommandantur at Longwy. At ten we reach Montmédry and stop; then we walk up to the fort through the snow and are put in the casemates upon bags of shavings. In the evening at six

our luggage is given to us with our provisions that had been previously confiscated. During the night famished Russian prisoners try to beg from us something to eat. One is cruelly thrashed by the guard.

By a hole in the wall which divides our casemate from the next one a French prisoner too begs for food. They are a hundred there kept without fire, without rugs and without any kind of bedding, receiving only bread and water. They only go out to be put in wire cages outside in the snow; the cages are just large enough to allow the man to crouch. They are often left in the cages two days at a stretch.

12. We are told to write to the French Government to complain about our fate. We refuse—departure at three in the morning; it is pitch-dark and it snows. The ladies who are very ill are allowed to ride in an open cart. The old ones, between sixty and seventy-five, walk with great difficulties. One goes on stumbling and screams in the night. We reach the station at five. The train which brings the hostages from the north is waiting. These hostages have been already two days on the road. The carriages are not heated nor lighted and incredibly filthy. At each stopping place the soldiers come in the train and count us.

13. The journey progresses. We are fed on beetroot soup, and uneatable blood sausage.

14. Arrived at eleven in the night at Holzminden. Some loafers have come to see us. They greet us with snowballs and disgusting remarks. We reach the camp at two after a dreadful tramp in the snow. We are packed up in iced barracks. The beds are dirty planks upon which are palliasses, no less dirty, filled with hay, shavings, wrapping paper, and heather; the whole reeking damp. There is one wooden seat for nine persons. Many of us sleep on the floor back to back, with our clothes and hats on. We are dead-beat. Our luggage and rugs have not been given to us. We are ordered to be ready the following morning for the inspection. One lady asks of the under-officer if this is the way hostages are treated; he rams her and when we are all pushed in the barrack the door is locked on us.

15. We wait for the inspection, still without rugs, without linen and practically without food, as our stomachs cannot digest the camp soup.

18. Our hand luggage is brought and searched. Each one of us is then searched by German women. We are obliged to strip entirely. After that we are allowed for the first time to leave the barracks and go in the camp, to buy at enormous cost the necessities of life. Our installation is primitive even after. We have a stove for twelve or sometimes for thirty people; each of us has two rugs, one palliasse, one basin, one platter, one spoon, two dish-clouts; every thing of the crudest make. We are invaded by bugs.

20. We change barracks. Our group is composed of twelve persons. We are packed in a room (in a wooden barrack) seventeen feet square so that we are obliged to remain mostly in our wooden bunks or perched on the beams to make room. We are allowed to write to France and complain.

21. General inspection. We have to go to the men's camp in the snow to receive our matricula. We are half-frozen.

22. Our boxes are visited; the books and photographs are taken for the censor. The Germans confiscate the electric torches, the candles, the wine, the knives, etc. . . . We pay to have planks put in the room.

24. I am able to wash and go to bed for the first time since I left home on the eleventh.

25. We are obliged to bring all our belongings outside for inspection in the cold and the snow. The French Committee of Relief gives us some food. We are obliged to go to the shower bath twenty at a time.

28. After much wrangling we obtain the right to build at our own expenses some cleaner and more secluded water-closets.

29. Our censored books and photographs are given back to us.

February.

3. One of us is very ill with quinsy; we nurse her in the dark during the night, as it is forbidden to have any light or fire. Nearly all the hostages are ill; many with sore throats and colds. We are nursed by a Russian who says he

is a doctor. He has no medicine except aspirine which must do for all the diseases. You are taken into the *lazaret* only when very dangerously ill.

7. We are ordered to keep everything tidy (this is not easy work) for the coming of a general.

9. We are given our rules of life: We must be up at seven; the barrack must be cleaned by nine. We must rise and stand up each time an officer enters. We must go to bed at eight and put out the lights. It is forbidden to air the palliasses, though it would be necessary to do it to get rid of the parasitic insects. The promiscuousness with ordinary criminals and with prostitutes is painful. Their conversation is getting unbearable and we are thirty young girls. We have also some unhappy women of Poland and Russia.

15. We are ordered to arrange the barracks for the coming of the Captain. It is a lie. We receive the visit of the Spanish mission. We complain. One lady who is sixty-two tells how she was made to leave her bed although she was suffering with a lumbago and how she traveled those three days, lying on the floor of a third-class railway carriage, without heat or light.

22. We receive our first letters and parcels from France. The parcels are opened by the soldiers, they keep all the paper and all the canned food is placed by them in ordinary pots and pans. This visit is made with great minutiae. Many of the things do not reach us or some old things and some bad-quality food are given to us instead of what was really sent.

28. Visit of an officer of the War Office. Again we are recommended to keep the barracks clean.

March.

2. Bugles in the camp. They search everything. It is forbidden to go out of the barracks and if we are out we are obliged to go in immediately. The church service is interrupted. The soldiers go to the W. C. to fetch those of the prisoners that are there.

5. Our first news from home.

13. After many complaints we obtain permission to go out of our camp (a piece of ground three hundred feet square where stand eight barracks). We are accompanied by guards. The promenade consists of going across the men's camp to be afterwards penned in a meadow a little larger than the camp and surrounded by high barbed wire.

15. Medical visit which consists of telling one's name to a doctor.

17. After complaining to Spanish consuls eight hostages ill or over-aged will be liberated. One is a French general's mother aged 75.

18. Reprisals: It is forbidden to communicate with the invaded countries.

21. Reprisals: The biscuits sent by our Government will no more be given to us until the French Government gives more bread to the German prisoners. And that bread is furnished by France.

22. It is forbidden to speak to the officers that visit the camp.

23. Second and last promenade to the meadow.

24. Palm Sunday—Revision of the material—Arrival of a young girl who comes to replace her mother liberated for reason of sickness.

25. Antityphoid vaccination obligatory to everyone under fifty even if one has a disease which renders the vaccination dangerous.

April.

2. Third vaccination.

3. We are shown new barracks into which half of us will be quartered so as to have breathing space. The dirt is appalling. We begin the cleaning with the help of a few Polish women. Waves of mud. We scrape the walls and the wooden boxes that are called beds with knives and pieces of glass.

4. We move in our new quarters. Another general cleaning.

We are dreadfully tired.

7. Inspection of our own rugs. We must declare them.

9. We have our room white-washed at our expense. In

spite of the most powerful insect-powders, bugs and fleas and other pests invade us.

12. We are allowed to keep our luggage in our room. Until now we were obliged to leave them two hundred yards from the camp and were allowed to fetch our things only once a month.

23. Parade for the matricula. Always outside.

24. Requisition of aluminum.

25. Arrival of fifteen English women and children taken for reprisals from a ship going from Russia to England. We give them some food, as they lost all their luggage on the way.

May.

11. We begin again to get our biscuits.

12. Arrival of a Belgian nun, convicted of having given food to an escaped French prisoner. She is put in a room filled with prostitutes of the worst kind.

13. Rumors of departure. They come from the Germans.

14. We are classified in view of the journey.

21. Counter-order.

22. 69° Fahrenheit in the shade. We are stifling in the barracks.

June.

12. Visit of the Spanish delegates. They take no notice of us. Several ladies go to ask for an explanation about the counter-order for departure. The delegates decline all knowledge of it.

We are still on the expectancy.

20. Visit of the canned food by a general; visit of the parcels.

21. We raise some of our planks. Although we paid for them, it is forbidden to burn them and the Germans gave us so little fuel! The missing planks must be paid for a second time.

29. Death of one of the ladies, aged sixty-four. Several are very discouraged. One of these ladies frightens us so much that we ask a permission for her to return home. Refusal. (Soon after she became mad and killed herself.)

July.

2. Burial of Mrs. Foster. A few lady prisoners are allowed to accompany the coffin to the cemetery. They come back heart-broken from the number of prisoners dead in captivity.

6. Order of the Berlin War Office that ninety-four hostages must write to France that their stay in the camp of Holzminen depends on the behavior of the French Government.

10. We are getting ready to start. Hosts of bugs. Impossible to sleep.

11. Ninety-four hostages start for France. The arrival of the Russian hostages was lamentable. They traveled in cattle-trucks. Some of our companions recognize their husbands or their sons; they are not allowed to speak to them.

12. Censure of manuscripts and books.

13. It is forbidden to help us to carry our boxes. All the canned food to be eaten during the journey must be put in open tins.

14. Our luggage is gone. We have to sleep fully dressed on our palliasses. More bugs than ever.

15. Verification of all the things. Fines are numerous; fifteen marks per rug, two marks per basin, one mark per dishcloth. Many of us who have never received any of these objects have to pay all the same. Another revision of the said things takes place at the end of the camp. We have to pay again. Some more bills are brought for us to pay. Eight marks each person for planks missing on the wooden boxes used as bedsteads; those planks never existed; two marks for carrying our luggage (rich benefit indeed for the German Government); departure for the station.

16-17. Journey home. We pass through Longwy and though we are considered as liberated we are taken on to Montmedy extenuated by the journey and the heat. Order to go to the fortress four by four. We are counted several times. We are offered lodgings in casemates full of insects among male Russian prisoners. We refuse to get in and at the end we are allowed to sleep in the church. A few palliasses

are brought to us by French prisoners and we settle on the flagstones with the rats.

18. We are given a small platter and a spoon. The platter must be used for eating, washing, and cleaning one's linen. We go and wash the said linen at the fountain with the soldiers. The hostages of the region of Longwy ask to be allowed to return home. We are answered that the luggage has not yet been sorted. The gentlemen hostages are doing it for us. A French prisoner passed us stumbling pushed by a German guard. One of his comrades explained that he had just been submitted to "la balle" because he tried to escape. This punishment consists in charging the patient with an enormous load and to make him turn till he falls. They (the Germans) make him get up generally with blows of the butt of the gun.

19. We ask again to be allowed to go home. The Germans reply that it is impossible owing to the French offensive taking place on the Aisne and on the Somme. We object in vain that we are far from these regions. Gentlemen hostages quartered in a stable, unable to endure the vermin any longer, take refuge with us in the church; they sleep in the pews.

21. Call of the Eastern hostages. Departure at four. The Northern hostages are kept until the end of the offensive. We go to the station always four by four. An under-officer forbids a soldier to carry our luggage on the quay. A train full of German soldiers arrives. We are told to find places somehow or to stay; we manage to get in a carriage but are obliged to remain standing. At Longwy we try to get into a second-class carriage but an officer makes us get down. The third class was for us and the second was reserved for the officers.

A crowd awaits us at Longwy. All manifestation is forbidden. We are taken to the kommandatur where we wait a long time. At last a sentry comes and tells us: "You can go to your homes."

23. The commandant orders me to be at the kommandantur before six, otherwise I shall be fined thirty marks. It is simply to verify if I am really back.

THE SYSTEMATIC DESTRUCTION

That Germany systematically planned the industrial ruin of France is a fact. I do not claim any special right to discuss this outside my personal observations, but the results of the German endeavors, especially in Longwy, are familiar to me. In that place before the war, as I have already intimated, was one of the largest, if not the largest steel manufacturing plant in France. I have no disposition here to quote figures, but I have many pre-war photographs showing the miles of floor space, the great furnaces, cranes, and other modern machinery, amounting to many millions of dollars of accumulated investment. I have many figures showing the consistent and remarkable evolution of these works from 1881 up to the beginning of the war. Due to the propinquity of valuable iron mines, the success of this vast enterprise was one of the outstanding facts in the evolution of industrial France. For the first two years during the German occupation the great mills were unmolested; but beginning in November, 1916, the German authorities announced that because of, "the repeated attacks of enemy aviators, while without great effect, the German administration is obliged to transport for protection, the installation of the mills farther into Germany." So they transported what they could, and presumably for fear that what was left might be destroyed inadvertently by the French, they took upon themselves that pleasant privilege. To complete the irony of their excuse, my senior host, Director of the mills, was invited to co-operate in the execution of the

order. The fact is that up to the time of this announcement no French aviators had even been seen in the vicinity of Longwy. It was a process of pillage pure and simple, and that for the single purpose of strengthening the industrial resources of Germany at the expense of industrial France. And the thing was done with characteristic German efficiency. Property which they could not carry away, I repeat, they ruthlessly destroyed. The ruins are there, I have seen them with my own eyes. I was told, that the destruction amounted to \$40,000,000, and I believe it. No effort was spared to ruin these French industries, and the success of the efforts has been quite complete.

Because of the effects of this particular brand of war poison, the conditions in France are pitiful. The American people need to know this simple fact. France has no exports, no gold. American bankers are demanding better credits and charging seven per cent interest for their loans, which does not include the commissions. German gold is going to England and America, while the dollar value of the French franc has depreciated in the last six months from 5.47 to 6.70. From a recent report of the American Committee for Devastated France, I read: "We need more railways, more railway cars, more man labor, long easy credits, and, if they don't come at once, then devastated France is doomed." Without money, without credit, without raw materials, France, "our first and only ally," the nation that stood there between us and the German onslaught for over four years, who has lost 1,400,000 of her best young men, killed; France, called by Grotius, "The most beautiful kingdom after the kingdom of Heaven," and of whom the knowing Franklin said, "Every man has two mother countries; his own and then France," *la douce France*, is in sore distress and needs not our ideals and best wishes so much as our raw materials, our economic confidence, our material help.

One of my friends writing to me from Longwy and referring to my visit there says: "I believe that this journey will not have been made in vain and that some of the sufferings of our people and our country will reach through you the happy homes who have not known the invasion. If so, I thank you in the name of our working people who will be most grateful, these people who have practically ceased to hope to see their wounds healed and who fear sometimes that they have suffered in vain." To such words out of such inexpressible sadness there seems no fit reply. Shelley, perhaps, comes nearest to it when he says,

"Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong."

Four of those little towns have turned pathetically to me, making me their "mandataire," as they choose to call it, hoping in their blind way that I may be a channel of aid to them. God knows I wish I might. I am told that Chicago has "adopted" Rheims, and purposes to help in its restoration. Other towns have been "adopted" with the same fine motive. Naturally my thoughts go out to what I have seen and know, and I have seen and know the pathos and the need and the challenge to our compassion that comes out of Romain, Chénieres, Mont-Saint-Martin, Longwy.